

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 5

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

ACTS OF THE NEW COUNCIL.

The action of the new council in granting \$2,000 to the Ottawa fire sufferers meets with but partial approval. The amount is not large enough. Ottawa sent us between seven and eight thousand dollars and went about it quickly. We have been slow to act and, so far, have not been generous.

The exhibition grant was made a month later than it was proposed and in spite of the opposition of Ald. CHRISTIE. He said the North End was not in favor of exhibitions and while he may be correct in making this assertion we doubt it greatly. The North End has good reason to be satisfied with the business the fair brings to its doors. The immense increase in river traffic and the purchases that must be made of the merchants in that section is one of the "results" of exhibitions. In these days of street cars visitors to the exhibition are just as ready to stop in the north as in the south end and the question of location cannot affect them much. It indicates a narrowness that is not agreeable to hear such a remark made. The good results of our exhibitions are general. They benefit the country as well as the town and when the province is willing to give \$5,000 the city's guarantee could be given with better grace.

The demands upon the city treasury are greater each year but St. John is a more important centre than it used to be. If we give to tourist associations, to exhibitions and to parks we are reaping the benefits from them and there should not be complaint.

A LONG WAY AROUND.

News from the Philippines may now and then seem to grow dull and stale in comparison with the stirring tidings formerly received from those islands. Yet to the reflective mind each word of even the simplest dispatch suggests a romance of industry and adventure. For every word has to be flashed under the China Sea from Manila to Hongkong; thence under the same sea again, either in Brunnei, in Sarawak, or to Hue and to Saigon, in Indo-China; thence a third time under the China Sea to Singapore; thence up the Strait to Georgetown; thence across and under the Bay of Bengal to Madras; thence across the teeming Deccan to Bombay; thence under the Arabian Sea to Aden; thence up the Red Sea to Suez; thence across Egypt to Alexandria; thence under the Mediterranean Sea to Malta, to Gibraltar and Lisbon, or to Marseilles and thence across France; thence to London; thence across land and sea to the western coast of Ireland; thence with a mighty span under the Atlantic to Newfoundland, to Nova Scotia and so on to New York. In that itinerary a whole treatise on geography and more than one volume of the world's history are involved.

IN CONNECTION WITH BUSINESS.

The society of the Gideons, which has adopted a lamp and a pitcher as a device, throws light upon the survival of the fittest in business competition. Not long ago, commercial travellers had so bad a name that a noted detective often assumed their garb and manners as a disguise. As a drummer he could go into any den of vice unchallenged. Wholesale dealers began to observe, however, that their largest orders came through sober, moral and christian gentlemen, and a culling process began which has changed the whole personnel of the class. Last summer three

commercial travellers, meeting in a Western hotel, proposed to organize a christian band among their fellows. Within six months three hundred members were enrolled, and so warm has been the reception of the idea that a thousand members are expected to join in celebrating the first anniversary next July. "Gideon's Band" promises to be a powerful agent for sobriety and rightness in the business world.

Rev. Father DAVENPORT struck a right note when he stipulated that his subscriptions to the Ottawa and Hull relief fund and to the India Famine fund should be spent at once and not funded for the future. We know what that means in St. John.

A correspondent suggests that the prosecution of Judge VANWART should be termed persecution. Perhaps so. Still if he were JOHN BROWN from Wayback would the correspondent have made the suggestion?

Lord LANSDOWNE and several other important persons wired their sympathy to Ottawa and Hull. Sympathy is nice but Lord DERBY and Lord STRATHCONA had the right idea. Their dollars feed the people.

A new temperance drink—Creme de Mint.

JOY AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Here's One for Chatham.

Editor Stewart of the Chatham World is of the opinion that this world is so delightful a place to live in that no sane man wishes to get out of it alive.

Have it all squared up now.

(Chatham World.)

The term 'soreheads' was not applied to any of the Newcastle civic candidates in any advertisement, communication, news article or editorial in The World, and Mayor Morrison's report of his inaugural shows that he did not attribute the epithet to this paper. He has had too much experience as a public man to misrepresent a newspaper so grossly for no purpose. The epithet was falsely attributed to him by the reporter.

This is a Suggestive Note.

(Yarmouth Times.)

The most interesting, if not the most important, passenger upon the S. S. Prince Arthur Saturday was a monkey belonging to Superintendent Gifkins. He came from Miami on the Prince Edward and since that vessel has been hauled up in Boston has been acting quarter-master. He, however, has expressed a preference for the railway department of the company and is going to Kentville to get an insight into the workings of the head office.

Left Ten Thousand Dollars Each.

Thomas Stewart of Clarence street is a fortunate man and his brother at Black river also shares his good luck. He was notified a few days ago by a lawyer in County Kerry, Ireland that his brother had died and left them \$10,000 each. Mr. Stewart has always been a hard working man and is now about 50 years of age. His good fortune therefore comes at an opportune time and will enable him to take life easier. Both he and his brother are men with families.

Curtains, and Blankets 25c.

Per pair. Carpets dusted and renovated either on floor or at our works, satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Ungar's Laundry Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

The Newest Journalism.

Shank—"Yes; Wadburne is quite an enterprising publisher. When Sheldon was running the Topeka Capital as Christ would run a newspaper, Wadburner proposed to run his paper, the Morning Cater waul, as Satan would run it, and he came very near putting his project into execution."

O'Shawe—"Why didn't he." Shank—"He couldn't think of any changes to make."

Boarding House Pleasantry.

"Will someone please chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder, who wanted some milk for his oatmeal.

"Here, Jane," said the landlady in a tone that was meant to be crushing, "take the cow down there where the calf is bawling."

"Your American soldiers," said the disgusted Filipino envoy, "are dead to the rules of civilized warfare."

"What have they done now?" inquired the dignified president of the commission. "Perhaps you won't believe it," said the envoy with great bitterness, "but they are actually ambushed one of our ambushes."

"Now, little Jim, tell the class what sure sign we have that spring is here." "Yes'm; we know it's spring when we gits t' wear our Sunday clothes ev'ry day."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

On the Firing Line. Would you live a live in a single hour? And help run things with a brimstone power? Understand When the click of the bullet brings fate's decree By taking your place with Jim and me Out here on the firing line.

Your face is as gray as the sands at noon— That's right. All the blood has gone to thy heart, poltroon— But you'll fight. When the click of the bullet brings fate's decree It will tune thy nerves to the major key That sounds on the firing line.

You may give one thought to the friends away— No tears. You will think of them no more today, The cheers. Will lift you up to another sphere. The past, my son, will be out of gear With you on the firing line.

Are you a mu derec at heart? Oh, no. Would you kill you man where the gray rocks part, Thy foe? A puff of smoke; a jarring shock; A Mauser's mark on thy rifle stock— You have on the firing line.

Can you joke in the face of death, my boy. With Jim? Can you laugh when the dead on our flanks deploy With him? You can? You lie! When the white flags wave We can dig for Jim a soldier's grave— He is dead on the firing line.

You have caught the fever of battle now, So good. You would fight the world in a deadly row You would carry our flag through the furnace of fame, You would charge yon mountain of fire and flame Ahead of the firing line.

Today has made you a hero rare With us. You fight as if you did not care A cuss. For bullet, storm or bursting shell— For all that constitutes a hell Along the firing line.

This day has made you a man—a man With us. Although we can scarcely understand Why thus You can show the grit of a veteran old. And smile at death as you stubbornly hold Your piece on the firing line.

But the lessons of war we are learning, my lad, Or few. The diplomats should not be bad And when we get home—my God! a ball Has given to me—and to you our all— A grave on the firing line. —Sherman D. Richardson.

The New Neighbor. We children have a neighbor small, A sweet new neighbor, fresh and fair; He lives beside the schoolhouse wall, And every day we find him there.

And yet he never comes to school, But always stands outside the door. Even when the east winds blow so cool, And when the April showers pour.

He wears a little gay green cap, He has a trim and tidy look; No school-bag carries he, nor strap, And never peeps inside a book.

Yet he can teach us, we have found, So much we never knew before, Of leaves and roots and fruit and ground, And all the pleasant garden lore.

He'd like to play with us, I guess, Although so very still he stands, And when we frolic at recess, He claps his little, soft green hands.

But when we take our lunch at noon, Poor thing! he does not eat at all; And he grows so fast that soon Not one of us will stand as tall.

Who can this little neighbor be, This bonny friend, so green and gay? Why, 'tis the darling little tree We planted there on Arbor day.

The Whistling Boy. A merchant went in the summer time To a pleasant, peaceful, pastoral clime Where the roadways ribboned the acres through And the fruit of the farmer's labors grew.

He walked along where the hidden choirs Tossed plaintive notes to the vibrant wires Of zephyrs, that caught the thrill And flashed its sweets o'er grove and hill.

His senses woke to a measure new, A hallowing peace did his mind imbue, And he paused as he felt its benedict Like a spirit passed to the realms of bliss.

As there he stood in the bowered way, He caught the notes of a happy lay That came from a lad in the corn field wide, Who whistled the while his hoe he plied.

He watched the boy as from hill to hill He swung the hoe with a sturdy will, And the harder he worked the fuller vent He gave to his lips' accompaniment.

"Ah, there," said the merchant, by impulse bade, "Is a son of man whom work makes glad? Then he went to the boy in tattered blouse And engaged him to work in his counting house."

The youth took hold with industry grim, But he brought his whistle along with him. And in just two days its charm gave o'er, And the whistler was kicked through the office door.

Pressed Flowers. Flowers are pressed and dried in books— Gone lucid color, fresh and new; Gone sweetness, swaying, bloom and dew! And thoughts are mumbled there in books— No light of eye or noise of head, The thought that's written is unsaid.

And yet one touch of nature's there; And memory leads us true, From withered leaf to budding flower, From moldering dust to freshening flower, From musty page to odorous air, From words to thoughts anew.

A Pathetic Incident. Gentle and brave amid the ranks he rode, And felt the steel beneath him proud and true; Gentle and brave the steel beneath him strode, And felt "My master's hand will guide me through. And hour on hour, through dying and through dead And lashed by rain from heaven and hail from hell. From mourns to eve, unscathed alike they sped, But at the close of day the charger fell. He saw the shattered limb, the heaving breast, And eyes entreating aid he could not lend With kiss on kiss the velvet nozzle placed, And longed, yet loathed, its agony to end. And, heedless for a while how trumpet blared, Or round him roared and flashed the fiery zone, He, who all day the battle's worst had dared, Now dared not bare the bronze alone. Then in one sob a fond farewell he spoke, The loaded death with hand reluctant drew. O dear, dumb friend! O patient of our yoke! There's many a heart, ye knew not, aches for you.

The Plumber's Joys. The plumber came down. Like a wolf on the fold, And made a big bluff "Mong hot pipes and cold. Nine hours by the clock, Made love to the cook. And that night '18 We were charged on his book.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

DROPPING WITH A PARACHUTE.

A Circus Balloon Man Says It's Gentle and Not Extra Hazardous.

'Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream,' said a circus balloon artist. 'Ever dream of falling from a high place? You come down alight quietly and awake, and you're not hurt. Well, that's the parachute drop over again. No, there is no danger. A parachute can be guided readily on the down trip, but you can't steer a balloon. To guide a parachute out of harm's way a practised hand can tilt it one way or the other, spill out air, and thus work it to where you want to land, or to avoid water, trees, chimneys or church spires. Circus ascensions are generally made in the evening. When the sun goes down the wind goes down. The balloon then shoots into the air and the parachute drops back on the circus lot, or not far away. A balloon is made of four cent muslin and weighs about 500 pounds. A parachute is made of eight cent muslin.

'There is much more danger in coming down in a balloon. When it strikes the earth it's like a big ball, and bounds up again taking you with it. Not long ago in McKeesport, Pa., I went down in a balloon because the parachute would not let go. I nearly came down in a big stack of a blast furnace, but the hot air drove the balloon away. After that I never trusted the parachute arrangements to any one, but attended to it myself.

'The rope that secures the parachute is cut with a knife. The aeronaut drops fully 100 feet before that parachute begins to fill. It must fill, if you're up high enough. There are several hundred parachute men in the business and the accidents are less in ratio than railroad casualties. Our business is new at that. After a while the ratio will be less. A man can't shake out a parachute, if it don't open. A man in the air is simply powerless. Invariably the fall is head first. When the parachute begins to fill the descent is less rapid, and finally it bulges out with a pop. Then the aeronaut climbs on to his trapeze and guides the parachute to a safe landing. In seven cases out of ten, you can land back on the lot where you started from. The first performers must have had nerve to make the drop. Now, it is a regular business, not considered hazardous, at all. The hardest work is to bring back the balloon with a wagon. Sometimes it tears in the trees, or wherever it may land when not in open.'

Their Wedding Journey.

Decorations and unique inscriptions on a wedding trunk in an express wagon amused a crowd of men and women yesterday at Broadway and 36th St. Nothing like it had ever been seen before, at least in Broadway. The trunk—a large one—was trimmed with numerous bows of white and green lace, and the proverbial old shoe was attached to one of the handles. But the novelty that created laughter was the two heart-shaped cardboard tacked on the side of the trunk. On each of these was inscribed:

Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one. TOM and KIT. They're on their wedding trip. Please let them alone. N. Y. Sun.

Abolishing the Terrors of the sea.

Not long ago the Hamburg-American line steamship Phoenicia arrived in New York with two thousand steerage passengers, immigrants from France. They had been about a week on the coast. Nearly all of them were poor people; some of them were old, many very young. Under conditions of privation and hardship there would have been much sickness and death among them.

In fact, there was little sickness in the steerage, and but one death, that of a little baby whose life, doubtless, had been trembling in the balance before its parents took it on board the steamship.

Such a story is an impressive illustration of the way in which the terrors of the sea have been abolished. Of the great ocean steamships the steerage passengers are generally better fed and better lodged, and the ordinary sanitary conditions of their life are better than in their own homes. Probably there would have been more serious sickness among the passengers on the Phoenicia within the week in which the ship occupied on her journey if they had remained within their own doors. Natives of Europe are now living in the

United States—Irish, German or English emigrants of the second quarter of the nineteenth century—who can remember ocean voyages on small sail or steam vessels, which were fraught with nothing less than terror. Sickness, violent motion, improper and insufficient food, a fetid atmosphere, infection, were then the portion of every emigrant; and many of them never reached the new homes which they sought.

Now everything is changed. Recent improvements like the bilge keel—the simple device of additional keels along the under sides of a ship to prevent rolling—render the ocean passage smooth and easy; and the size and strength of vessels practically abolish the danger of their foundering in a gale. Comfort and care invite to travel where discomfort and danger once discouraged or forbade it.

A Creditable Performance.

'Oh h-h-h-h!' came in a prolonged scream from Mrs. Tremoir's lips. Mr. Tremoirs looked quickly up from his paper, and was immediately propelled into a jump clear across the room by seeing the lamp on the table beside him flaming fiercely towards the ceiling.

'Throw it out of the window, Stella. Quick!' commanded Mr. Tremoirs, with rare presence of mind.

Mrs. Tremoirs made a couple of ineffectual dives for the lamp, but retreated baffled and wringing her hands.

'Now, don't get panic struck, Stella,' advised Mr. Tremoirs, from where he had ensconced himself behind a large leather chair. 'Throw it out immediately or it will explode the first thing you know.'

'I'm—I'm afraid of it,' confessed Mrs. Tremoirs, reluctantly.

'Pshaw!' snorted Mr. Tremoirs, shrinking closer under cover as the lamp flamed higher. 'Isn't that just like a woman, no earthly good in an emergency? Do as I tell you, Stella. Throw it out this instant.'

'Why—why don't you do it yourself?' faltered Mrs. Tremoirs, stung into audacity by his reflection on herself and her sex.

'What?' Me? cried Mr. Tremoirs, in the extremity of astonishment at such a suggestion. 'There! There! Now's your chance, Stella. See, it's nearly out now. Quick! Quick!' he continued rapidly, as the flame suuk to nearly its normal level.

Mrs. Tremoirs made a desperate dash, seized the lamp and flung it forth into the garden.

'By Jove, it's lucky I was here!' observed Mr. Tremoirs, with heartfelt thankfulness, a minute or two later, while they stood at the window watching the expiring struggles of the oil to appear brilliant. 'I don't see what you women do when there isn't a man around to keep a clear head in an accident.'

And to the everlasting credit of Mrs. Tremoirs be it recorded that she didn't even say, 'Ahem!'—Life.

What Could he do.

An exchange gives this example of the difficulties sometimes encountered under Russian laws. Said an official to a traveller suspected of too great curiosity: 'You can't remain in this country, sir.'

'Very well,' returned the traveller, 'then I'll leave it.'

'Have you a permit to leave?'

'No, sir.'

'Then you cannot leave. I give you twenty-four hours for making up your mind what to do!'

Foreign Navies.

In connection with the programme naval construction, it is interesting to notice that Great Britain is either building or has recently completed 18 first class battle ships, 10 armored cruisers, seven other large cruisers and 50 smaller vessels. The German 'fleet bill' calls for \$10,000,000 a year for the next 20 years for new ships, and the French government is planning to spend \$150,000,000 for naval construction during the next seven years.